

THE PRISONER'S DILEMA

by

James Frazier

Author's Note

As a criminal defense and family law attorney, theater isn't my wheelhouse. That said, I did drama club all four years in high school. I was in shows like *Anything Goes*, *The Pajama Game*, *A Midsomer Night's Dream*, and *The Crucible*. All bit parts. Yet, during one theater week, I did a scene from *Glengarry Glenn Ross*.

Later, I went to law school and became an unsuccessful trial attorney. After finishing one of my cases, I went to a Coyote Ugly bar. One of the girls ordered drinks on my tab. Unfortunately, I was too broke to afford the bill. I got belligerent with security and I was thrown in detox for the night.

In detox, I had to use the phone to extend my hotel checkout so I wouldn't lose my things in the room. I had to use the phone early in the morning in detox. Someone told me: "hey, poindexter, the phone's by the bookshelf." I used that phone near the bookshelf. Then, I looked at some of the books. I was drawn to a book of plays.

The book of plays had three shows: *The Glass Menagerie*, *Pygmalion*, and a random Shakespeare play. I realized that detox, and all prisons, are unisex. Accordingly, I asked myself: "what play could a group of men perform, with no female roles?" Then, it hit me: "David Mamet doesn't write for women. And, most of his plays have only male characters." Thus, I ripped off David Mamet and wrote a play for inmates, about inmates.

Characters

LT Cellie: a convict who has been in prison for at least 5-7 years. Currently in his late 30s or early 40s. White

New Cellie: About the same age as LT Cellie, yet, new to prison. May be about 3-5 years younger than LT. Also white

Timmons: Short, early 30s, strong and funny looking

CO: (CO Hayes) late 60s male. Worked at facility for a long time. Retiring in first scene

CO1 (Jeffries): Late 40s early 50s, also worked as a CO for several years in this institution.

Kirk Donaldson: Late 20s or early 30s. Previous experience working in a neighborhood watch. No prior experience as a CO. No other prior law enforcement experience.

Investigator: mid 30s white collar male brought in to investigate incident in Act V and to interview inmates.

Various other inmates including a large and physically imposing line cutter, a bedmate in the infirmary, and others.

Note about Punctuation

The punctuation marks that follow dialogue in this script are not random. Generally, when Actor A speaks, Actor B must wait about one beat to deliver his next line. This is true when no punctuation is indicated. Here is what the different symbols mean following and preceding dialogue

[...]: indicates a pause in dialogue. If one character's line ends with a "...", the character responding should pause for longer than one beat before delivering their response.

[- either before or after a line]: This signifies an interruption and/or two characters talking over each other. Waiting a beat after each hyphenated section of dialogue will RUIN the piece.

A character who's line ends with a hyphen should be interrupted by the responding character as they finish speaking. A hyphen at the start of the interrupters line means that the two characters may talk over one another for a moment.

Note about Language

This is a play about a group of people who live in an institution without women. Women are discussed because they appear at the institution where the men in this play reside. Yet, the sexuality of the characters in this play is complicated by their housing situation.

Act I

Scene 1

(Curtain.)

(Interior of a DOC jail cell, two roommates sit and talk)

LT Cellie:
You're upstairs?...

New Cellie:
What?

LT Cellie:
So you go upstairs from the bar?

New Cellie:
Yea

LT Cellie:
...

New Cellie:
I go upstairs from the bar, I take the money, and I
stay for the thing

LT Cellie:
Because you like watching? That's like an extra,
they'll pay more to have you around *sometimes*. It's an
extra thing to sell. So you're doing like two jobs

New Cellie:
...uh...

LT Cellie:
...

New Cellie:
No, I'm *just* doing the one

LT Cellie:
Well, you could fuck him, you could watch, or you could...

New Cellie:
I could what?

LT Cellie:
You could just stay at the bar and drink

New Cellie:
Why?

LT Cellie:
...They usually won't pay for you to watch. Lot of guys like that in that line of work. Lot of the girls like that the guy likes it. It just...think about it entrepreneurially...you don't add much value to the guy's experience...some guys flip out and make a problem if you don't leave. You're more of a presence if you're not there

New Cellie:
I feel like I should be there

LT Cellie:
That don't matter

New Cellie:
...well...

LT Cellie:
She loves you?

New Cellie:
By this point

LT Cellie:
No, by this point you're in here and you've got no
one. I mean does she love you by that point?

New Cellie:
Yea...

LT Cellie:
...

New Cellie:
...yea

LT Cellie:
Because you did all the stuff I told you

New Cellie:
I'll do all the stuff-

LT Cellie:
And you don't give a shit about her-

New Cellie:
I think

LT Cellie:
No...no...maybe you need to learn cars

New Cellie:
I like girls

LT Cellie:
That's why I want to teach you cars. You'll fuck this
up

New Cellie:

No

LT Cellie:

No?

New Cellie:

No

LT Cellie:

Alright...I'm here...it might be funny...

New Cellie:

What else would I do? Now-

LT Cellie:

Cars-

New Cellie:

with being-

LT Cellie:

Construction

New Cellie:

Here-

LT Cellie:

Be a contractor and fix up rich people's houses. Do security installations which is another type of contracting. You could be a rent-a-cop. And you could also clean shit up at any office building or school... walk around with sawdust and puke if you get broken in here...dig through garbage

New Cellie:

That list really decelerates

LT Cellie:

...

New Cellie:

I mean, it decelerate, goes down. We went from cars and girls to shit and garbage. I mean, you progressed to that...with your list...they say do what you love

LT Cellie:

...

New Cellie:

In the Atlantic, I saw that in a column several years ago when I was still a dental tech. That was one of the magazines Dr. Hirsch left out in the waiting room. Cover on top said "Do What You Love." He used it as a conversation piece for the patients. They'd see it and if they made a comment, he could say: "I love this and

I do what I love so I pass that advice onto you. I hope you're lucky enough to do what you love as well."

...

I thought it was good advice...he presented the advice well...

LT Cellie:

You loved sticking your hands in people's mouths?
Sticking...in people's mouths

New Cellie:

I-

LT Cellie:

That could be a moveable job-

New Cellie:

I made good money...

LT Cellie:

...?

New Cellie:

80K...benefits...retirement-

LT Cellie:

Legal fees

New Cellie:

No. Those were out of pocket.

LT Cellie:

Dr. Hirsch, he was in on it...

New Cellie:

I don't think so...

LT Cellie:

Wussy

New Cellie:

All I'm saying-

LT Cellie:

Some doctor has barrels full of nitrous at his office. They go missing, you go here. He hires a new pretty piece assistant-

New Cellie:

I don't know his new assistant-

LT Cellie:

Maybe, he said-

New Cellie:

Nobody said-

LT Cellie:

Right. And that's the thing you've done right. So it was your idea to take the nitrous. Yet, I bet the good doctor was in on it. Maybe you couldn't prove that, *doctors* are slimy like that-

New Cellie:

I couldn't-

LT Cellie:

And so you're stuck here, and he's got this pretty new assistant. Probably 10 years younger than you. Great body, and now she's around the laughing gas-

New Cellie:

and-

LT Cellie:

You have things in common with her because you both went through the same schooling. Finding girls like that, selling them. They sell the best because they can talk and they can play, I've already told you how to bring that out of them. Theoretically, you know how to do that upper level conversation to reel them in. You'll need to use that, confidence, those card tricks and hand games are cheesy as fuck. Yet, you need to use them-

New Cellie:

Miss Mary Mac-

LT Cellie:

Goddamn right Miss Mary Mac, all dressed in black, black, black to see the elephants-

New Cellie:

And that-

LT Cellie:

Is gospel...ever heard of pickup artists and shit? They advocate doing card tricks, magic tricks, clapping games with girls. Things like that are interactive. It gets their attention going. Didn't you do those kinds of games at camp as a kid?

New Cellie:

I suppose...

LT Cellie:

That's what gets her marshmallows roasting today still. Plus, you're initiating touch and playing hand games. Do it with me:

(The two inmates perform Miss Mary Mac as if at Sumer camp)

Miss Mary Mack Mack Mack

*All dressed in black, black, black
With silver buttons, buttons, buttons
All down her back, back, back.*

*She asked her mother, mother, mother
For 50 cents, cents, cents
To see the elephants, elephants, elephants
Jump over the fence, fence, fence.*

*They jumped so high, high, high
They reached the sky, sky, sky
And they didn't come back, back, back
'Til the 4th of July, ly, ly!*

Miss Mary Mack Mack Mack

*All dressed in black, black, black
With silver buttons, buttons, buttons
All down her back, back, back.*

*She asked her mother, mother, mother
For 50 cents, cents, cents
To see the elephants, elephants, elephants
Jump over the fence, fence, fence.*

*They jumped so high, high, high
They reached the sky, sky, sky
And they didn't come back, back, back
'Til the 4th of July, ly, ly!*

LT Cellie:

...Alright my cute lil elephant who's gonna jump over
the fence one day...Say you won't go up there, after the
bar

New Cellie:

Alright

LT Cellie:

Alright what?

New Cellie:

I won't go up there-

LT Cellie:

And he don't need to see you at the bar because she
sees you, and you do the little cues I showed you. He
feels like she's liberated and in control of the
situation. And the hotel'll be in on it so you'll just
send in security if shit blows up.

New Cellie:

...huh...

LT Cellie:

...

New Cellie:

At least I don't have to go in-

LT Cellie:

No, you'd never go in...she'll give the signal or be too long and you'll send in security. And you'll be in the bar at the lobby

New Cellie:

Why-

LT Cellie:

Because she loves you, and you're saving her. She'll have fun the whole time

New Cellie:

Saving her-

LT Cellie:

From mean old Dr. Hirsch who never wants her to have fun

New Cellie:

Ok, better than cleaning shit up

LT Cellie:

Fuck yea buddy. You know it.

New Cellie:

I-

LT Cellie:

You know it.

New Cellie:

...I know it.

LT Cellie:

You're a fraudster now. So this is it. Now, CO's coming for lights soon. I'll need some after, don't make me get mean again. I've been being nice all day

New Cellie:

...

(the two cellmates stop talking, an older CO enters the cell for evening inspection. The CO moves around the cell performing the inspection as he talks. This CO is older, yet, still perky.)

CO:

Night inspection

LT Cellie:

Sup?

CO:

Fuck you

LT Cellie:

You wish you lived with me so we could be like that. I know that's why you come in here every night and play with my shit

CO:

I think new boy plays with your shit...

LT Cellie:

-

CO:

You like him?

LT Cellie:

He's learning...

CO:
You're welcome...

LT Cellie:
I gotchu, you fuckin know-

CO:
I know

LT Cellie:
And you leaving soon

CO:
You gonna fuckin cry that I'm gone. I think you'll
miss me...

LT Cellie:
Fuck you-

CO:
Thank you too. I know you'll miss me. What are you
gonna do for match making? They're giving you fuck ups
tablets now. I bet you'll be finding new friends on
there-

LT Cellie:
Because you'll be on there, on those tablets...

CO:
I'll be three counties over-

LT Cellie:
That don't mean-

CO:
Better air quality and I don't have to think about

work. You should give me a record deal like Rick Ross,
that fat bald asshole. I worked longer than he did

LT Cellie:
...you play guitar or some shit?

CO:
No.

LT Cellie:
Sing or got kids who play...Nashville-

CO:
I like my backyard, and my beer, and knowing where a
good house is where I could get taken care of-

LT Cellie:
Nurses bro, you could stay around just-

CO:
Shit where I eat...no and we've been over that

LT Cellie:
My new man says his dentist was in on it.

CO:
...

New Cellie:
NO!

LT Cellie:
Get a sense of humor

CO:
Fuck one into him?

LT Cellie:
Goddamn

CO:
Ball breaking you shit birds...

LT Cellie:
You'll miss it?

CO:
Maybe, I won't know until I do. His doctor wasn't in
on it though

LT Cellie:
Fuck that, he took nitrous. That doctor told him to
take nitrous, we get a broke down *dentist* in here
knows medicine. Those are valuable

CO:
Won't-

LT Cellie:
A real dentist in the-

CO:
Won't-

LT Cellie:
infirmary to update everything, audit it, keep it on
point. I'm saying that fucker knew that this man was
taking the nitrous. He told him to do it-strong armed
him. Said he'd take his job, make it impossible to
work again if he didn't play ball...

CO:
...

LT Cellie:

...

New Cellie:

I-

LT Cellie:

That's right-

CO:

I feel like the third fuckin stooge with you idiots.
It won't work

LT Cellie:

Fuck, you don't-

CO:

Prescription fraud's an F4, you think someone goes
here for an F4?

LT Cellie:

A lot of nitrous they found in his house.

CO:

Yea-

LT Cellie:

And that doctor, that *dentist*-

CO:

Lost 150 grand to this embezzler.

New Cellie:

Hey, you said you wouldn't-

CO:

Calm down, not like you rape and beat some 12 year old
girl

LT Cellie:
...shit...fuck you...and...

CO:
I'm going to miss fucking with you

New Cellie:
Tell me what he did?

CO:
You just took a big risk?

New Cellie:
You said what I did-

CO:
To keep someone from walking off a cliff

LT Cellie:
Fuck you man

CO:
I'll tell him what you did. I'm *determined* you'll
never get outta here

LT Cellie:
That's why you need-

CO:
Beat a man in a bar within an inch of his life. Now
your shit bird roommate maintains that DNA was
planted. He's prob "innocent" like all of you. Yet,
that bar fight was against...who'd we say...the cousin of
an illustrious politician. So this man's files will
always be fucked with. He'll never get in front of the
parole board, and he's just stuck here

LT Cellie:

...

CO:

You'll miss me

LT Cellie:

Fuck you

CO:

Ooo *baby*, temper on you huh? You meet my replacement
tomorrow. Night you two

Act II

Scene 1

(Interior of DOC outside cells, inmates mill around preparing for evening count)

LT Cellie:
New blood tonight boys

Inmate 1:
Didn't think we had any new intakes

LT Cellie:
Better boys, even better. It's a new CO

New Cellie:
Old guy from last night's really gone

LT Cellie:
Breaks my fucking heart, yet, some buddhist I housed
with once said that change is the only thing we can
rely on in life

Inmate 2:
Not for you though, you're fuckin stuck in here

LT Cellie:
Fuck off Hernandez, I change the environment around
me.

Inmate 2:
Naw, this motherfucker retired

LT Cellie:
Right, I'm a nice guy Hernandez. I'm affable, friendly
and benevolent in this institution. Do you know what
any of those words mean?

Inmate 2:

...

LT Cellie:

Anyway, let's get a funny guy for this one. Where's
Timmons

Timmons:

Ah

LT Cellie:

God you're even fuckin funny to look at you short sack
of shit. Tell me a joke...

Timmons:

Ah-

LT Cellie:

Timmons' life and physique are jokes enough. Anyway,
poke the new CO a little bit when he comes out. Don't
be a dick because you barely even have one. Just, ya
know, keep him on his toes during the count.

Timmons:

OK

LT Cellie:

Make me laugh and I won't ask you for any of the
cigarettes or commissary I took from you today during
cards

(LT grabs New around the shoulder and walks off)

New Cellie:

I'm sorta funny in my way

LT Cellie:

Yea, but looks aren't everything. Timmons has that...
Timmons has a face and body where if he's not funny,
he'll get his shit rocked on a daily basis.

New Cellie:

...

LT Cellie:

Plus, I don't want my housemate to be a class clown.
It puts too much attention on both of us. Let's keep a
peaceful home.

New Cellie:

Alright, I just, worry about my role here-

LT Cellie:

You're role's my housemate. Worry about keeping shit
clean, learn how to make some food, ask around for
that, I'll give you a few chefs to learn from. You'll
be out with those girls we talked about yesterday
soon. Or, they'll transfer one of us to a new
facility. I want to see you do well on the outside
after all this, get it?

New Cellie:

Ok

LT Cellie:

Good

(Two CO's enter to begin count)

CO1:

Line up, shut up, line up...shut up...Alright. Last night,
was the final evening of duty for CO Hayes. Mr. Hayes
worked at this institution for 30 years. Many of you
lack the capacity for feelings, yet, some of you will

be missing Mr. Hayes. He was a good man, a great CO,
and this institution ran better under his watchful
stewardship.

Mr. Hayes now gets to go to a place where he doesn't
need to think about, or even consider any of you ever
again. I know that he's very grateful for this
opportunity.

Tonight, we get to meet his replacement, a young
healthful specimen to my left, Kirk Donaldson. Mr.
Donaldson has a four year degree from the University
of Colorado at Colorado Springs. Mr. Donaldson has
worked security in various neighborhood watches. Yet,
this is his first inroad into real law enforcement and
not just protecting over pampered residents of a gated
community.

Inmate 3:

We aspire to be pampered, gated community residents,
this is a gated community

CO1:

Your aspirations are supremely noble. Yet, this is a
different kind of gated community. Now, as it's Mr.
Donaldson's first night, I'm going to let him run
count and inspection.

Timmons:

(stepping out of line)

Mr. Donaldson, I'm thinking it's most appropriate to
bring this to you then.

Walters:

Listen up to him now, he's a good man.

Donaldson:

What

Timmons:

Well, Mr. Jeffries disregards my requests on a routine basis. Yet, I'm bringing this to you-

CO1:

Timmons-

Timmons:

No. No, no. I will have satisfaction sir. I'm a man who is vertically challenged. My verticality was impaired during my birth and development. I could barely even hear taller folks when they speak unless I crane my neck severely upwards which causes me great strain.

Do the other CO's care? No. Yet, I'm hoping you're a man who's cut from a better cloth. A more sympathetic kinda fellow.

I'm like the midget in the game of thrones books, or one of the seven dwarves. And, since this is your first count, I wanted to start things off with myself on a good footing.

Could I have a step ladder to stand on during the count?

Donaldson:

You a clown, boy?

Walters:

It's so as he can stand higher than you, that's where he for sure should be.

Timmons:
He's right-

Walters:
Shucks-

Timmons:
-Not that right, but a gooddamn fine man, Walters, let me handle this new one. Don't you get height-ist. That's why I'm in here, is they get height-ist against me and I get mad. Boy is a severe term of disrespect. It's you saying you view me as less than. And you better apologize and stop being a height-ist

Donaldson:
You seem like some fucking jokester. There's no room for a sense of humor in here

Timmons:
I thought that at first sir, yet, I'm in here for killing four people and I've learned to laugh at myself...that step ladder sir, would make improve time during count so much. I'd hear you better-

CO1:
That's Pete Timmons. He's a pain in the ass who can't take a punch worth shit. Can you Timmons?

Timmons:
Height-ist, this one too

CO1:
Yea an it's extra tiring to punch down at you Timmons, so shut up and let the tall people do the count

Donaldson:
Mr. Jeffries this is my count, correct? And I can place these men in solitary for insubordination?

CO1:
...yea...that's just Timmons-

Donaldson:
I don't give a shit. I don't give a shit who he is
sir. I find his sense of humor offensive and
problematic.

Timmons:
Everybody says I'm problematic-

Donaldson:
Shut the fuck up boy. I'm moving you into solitary for
the next month. Come with me, I'll return to finish
the count momentarily.

*(Donaldson grabs Timmons, handcuffs him, and the pair
roughly exit)*

CO1:
See it's his first day..

LT Cellie:
Called him boy. They're both white and he called him
boy. I don't like that

CO1:
It's his first day and he feels he needs to be tough.
You all felt you needed to be tough on your first day.

LT Cellie:
Timmons is a sick man

CO1:
You kill that many people-

LT Cellie:
Mentally, he sees shit I hear

CO1:
I'll make sure that a nurse comes to check on Timmons everyday during his time in solitary. There's that red head finishing her stuff up at the community college, she's in four days a week. And Gonzales-

LT Cellie:
She's the one with the fat ass-

CO1:
Gonzales I think works on the days when red doesn't.
It'll work out

LT Cellie:
See I like-

CO1:
Shut the fuck up and stand there. Wait until this fucking count is done and you can gossip like a little girl in your cell with that new roomie of yours

Walters:
You all don't know what a good man he is, he protects me. You, you're not that bad. But, this new one. Oh boy, now Timmons can't protect me. I'm scared now. I'm real scared now.

(Donaldson re-enters after a beat)

Donaldson:
Recite your numbers

(The line of inmates rattle off their numbers)

Donaldson:

Alright, pat downs before you go to your cells for the night.

Sawyer:

What the actual fuck, this is new. I'm not prepared for this man. This is a fucking change up and I was making *art* in the yard today

Donaldson:

Pat downs are protocol.

CO1:

We usually just do nightly inspec-

Donaldson:

It's my first day, and I'm not comfortable deviating from protocol yet. The book says pat downs prior to going into the cell

Sawyer:

This is bullshit. This is not standard procedure. What the fuck a book bro? I'm out there making art, tats man, but that shit's like. It's usually fine. Fucking *book?*

LT Cellie:

There's a book...

Sawyer:

Man, I'm fucked. You know this

LY Cellie:

I gotchu

Donaldson:

I'll do brief pat downs on each of you prior to

entering your cells. You'll turn out your pockets and
we'll go from there

*(Donaldson goes down the row patting down inmates,
most inmates are clean. One or two have minor
contraband such as drug paraphernalia or tattoo
needles. Donaldson pushes them into a separate cue so
that he can write them up after the pat down.)*

LT Cellie:

Alright my turn, you interviewing for something

Donaldson:

What?

LT Cellie:

What right. Alright. Nothing in my pockets.

Donaldson:

Turn them out.

LT Cellie:

You should trust me.

Donaldson:

If you're in here, then you're not trustworthy. Turn
out your pockets

LT Cellie:

You a religious man? Wondering if that's your bag?

Donaldson:

Turn out your pockets boy

LT Cellie:

*(shaking his head, he produces a stack of playing
cards)*

Donaldson:
Contraband. These are used for illegal gaming

LT Cellie:
News to me sir

Donaldson:
Grow up boy

LT Cellie:
I'm older than you boy

Donaldson:
These are for gambling

LT Cellie:
Shoot, no way. No heckin way are these for gambling
sir.

Donaldson:
Boy-

LT Cellie:
Keep calling me that. These are for card tricks. I'm
an aspiring magician. We don't have anybody willing to
let me saw them in half, unless you want to stay the
night with me and help me practice. So I use these
cards to do basic tricks and fine tune my craft

Donaldson:
Doesn't matter

LT Cellie:
I could *show you* a card trick. These are cards from
one of my favorite casinos up in Blackhawk before I
came inside. Here. Pick a card

Donaldson:

I'll take the whole deck boy

LT Cellie:

Somebody tell this motherfucker that there's more
polite ways to negotiate. These are my cards.

Jeffries, these are my fuckin cards

C01:

It wouldn't look right

LT Cellie:

Fuck looks right. My fuckin cards

Donaldson:

Shut up boy, I'm confiscating these and writing you up

LT Cellie:

Ya know-ya know what? I haven't been written up in
years. Keep me relevant boy. Write me up. Jeffries,
you're doing the night inspections of the cells?

C01:

I was thinking-

LT Cellie:

I fuckin was too. New guy needs to write me up, don't
you? And you gotta write up Sawyer for his tat needle
and his shit. Sawyer and I'll get to go to the
discipline board at the same time. Solidarity, I'm all
about it. Sawyer's a fuckin artist and you're writing
he and I up. This is how you negotiate on your first
day?

Donaldson:

What?

LT Cellie:

What? You religious? You love Jesus or something boy?

Donaldson:

I attend church

LT Cellie:

So do we. Except we got shit else to do. You go by choice. Walters, are you a brave man?

Walters:

Timmons loves you. I'm brave. Not really. But, I can be brave. I-

LT Cellie:

Shut up.

Scene 2

(Inside of LT's cell waiting for the inspection.)

LT Cellie:
Ever been to Blackhawk?

New Cellie:
No, I'm from southeastern part of the state

LT Cellie:
Keep those goddamn Oklahomans at bay?

New Cellie:
Sure

LT Cellie:
Remind them where Colorado starts.

New Cellie:
Western Kansas

LT Cellie:
Go to Blackhawk when you get out. It's a place for an
outlaw, that's you even if you're a white collar
outlaw now. They've got sixty casinos, mention my name
in a few of them and they'll point you to the place I
got those cards.

New Cellie:
You brought them in when you came in?

LT Cellie:
I wish I were that good. They were brought to me.
Still, I treasured those cards. I'm here, for, for as
long as a violent man like myself, as long as they
determine I'll be here.

New Cellie:

Well you could write the parole board, take some
classes

LT Cellie:

Are you bein fuckin cute?

New Cellie:

I'm just saying they have classes here you could take
to impress the parole board-

LT Cellie:

You're as cute as you are stupid-

New Cellie:

I'm just saying those politicians have short memories.
That cousin's probably fine now. Wounds heal, right?
Take some classes-

LT Cellie:

I'll not take classes. I think you're speaking out of
school

New Cellie:

...I want to help. You should get out man. I'm getting
out. You should get out man, you're not a bad guy. It
makes me sad is all

LT Cellie:

You're getting too many feelings. I think you go both
ways about even. You sure you actually like girls?

New Cellie:

Yea, I was set to be married-

LT Cellie:

Alright, I'll make sure you got girls when you get

out. In the mean time, you don't say shit to anyone about me taking classes. We clear?

New Cellie:

Ok

LT Cellie:

I don't take classes.

New Cellie:

Ok

LT Cellie:

I. Don't. Take. Classes. Are we clear?

New Cellie:

Crystal

LT Cellie:

I don't need any, yea, I got you if wait until after inspection.

New Cellie:

...

(Jeffries enters the cell for nightly inspection)

LT Cellie:

Fuck the new guy.

CO1:

Fuck the new guy

LT Cellie:

Get him learnt

CO1:

He's somebody's cousin

New Cellie:
God, you've got bad luck with cousins-

CO1:
Shut the fuck-

LT Cellie:
He's too stupid. Don't worry about him Yes. I do. I've got some of the worst luck with cousins in the world. Everyone is someone's god blessed cousin. So that's another thing though. And I'm happy he ran his mouth because now we can talk about that.

CO1:
I don't think Donaldson'll-

LT Cellie:
He's reading my file right now. Right? New guy writing me up for the first time in years. He'll be reading my file. No one else in here gets the files. And most of the COs don't care enough to look.

CO1:
I don't care enough to look.

LT Cellie:
Bet you don't

CO1:
I don't man.

LT Cellie:
That's why you'll probably retire. You don't care enough to look in my file. I value that

New Cellie:

I mean that old guy yesterday told me what's in your file.

CO1:

...

LT Cellie:

...

CO1:

I don't care what's in your file. You're a piece of shit because you're here. That's all I need to know

LT Cellie:

I could work with that, that's workable. New guy's an idiot who doesn't have any access. I'd have to beat the shit out of him if he found out details

New Cellie:

Like the name of the politician who's cousin it was...

CO1:

...

LT Cellie:

Sure

CO1:

Let me read him the riot act tonight

LT Cellie:

Maybe he might be better off doing the neighborhood watch thing. Shit's safer out there. Get me?

CO1:

Man, I don't-

LT Cellie:
I do a lot. Get me?

CO1:
Look I need you. We know we need each other.

LT Cellie:
Donaldson don't know. Runs around fucking calling everyone boy. Me and Timmons he calls us boy. Talk that way to the blacks. Fine. Yet, this is a problem. We need someone understands how this place is meant to run-

CO1:
He's right there, the new-

LT Cellie:
My new pet's leaving in a few years anyway. He'll learn. I don't worry about him. I get to saw him in half later

CO1:
Bet you wish he were Donaldson?

LT Cellie:
Only while I'm in him. I'll picture Donaldson

CO1:
You wanna do another magic trick?

LT Cellie:
You don't get extra just because you bring in some new stooge. You know that

CO1:
I was gonna have you pick a card. But you pissed me off. So instead, I'm gonna make you play a game.

LT Cellie:

This isn't the day for this shit. Don't think this is
a-

CO1:

No we're gonna play a game now shit bird.

LT Cellie: Hm

CO1:

52 pickup

*(taking a pack of playing cards from his pocket and
throwing them all over the cell)*

LT Cellie:

Aw shit man, just show me the new dog can heel. Shit
man. This is a game for the night. Get the new dog to
heel and it'll be you man alright.

CO1:

I don't know I can

LT Cellie:

This place's gotta run

CO1:

Ok

LT Cellie:

I don't like disruptions

CO1:

Then maybe you'll have to deal with it

LT Cellie:

I hate that. Newbie, pick up the cards

*(New collie begins gathering up playing cards as CO
exits the cell)*

Act III

Scene 1

(Donaldson and CO1 in the locker room dressing for their shift)

Donaldson:

No.

CO1:

Still?

Donaldson:

Yes.

CO1:

Still.

Donaldson:

I'm not doing a re-hash of last night. I read his
file-

CO1:

Things have to work a certain way-

Donaldson:

Hyper-sexualized-

CO1:

That's beside the point.

Donaldson:

The EMT was traumatized.

CO1:

That doesn't matter...at this point it doesn't matter

Donaldson:

And you say it's better to have a fuck up like that
running card games.

C01:

Common sense says it's better. He's a pain in the ass
but we need a pain in the ass out there. Plus, he's
here forever. He likes it.

Donaldson:

Fuck him.

C01:

Don't be like that.

Donaldson:

Be like what?

C01:

Naive.

Donaldson:

Don't call me naive. I've got a strong moral compass.
I know how this place is supposed to work.

C01:

That's your neighborhood watch background?

Donaldson:

Everyone gives me shit for that.

C01:

Because if you had background in real law enforcement
we wouldn't have to have this talk.

Donaldson:

You're denigrating-

CO1:

No army experience-

Donaldson:

My credentials. And my background.

CO1:

Everyone here has a background. I just think it'd be easier for you to acclimate if you'd seen some things outside of a gated community.

Donaldson:

There was crime there.

CO1:

Right, sure. Name some.

Donaldson:

Underage drinking-teenagers using marijuana and other drugs.

CO1:

Ok. Fun place. I could retire there?

Donaldson:

Indecent exposures-

CO1:

Really?

Donaldson:

Yes, it was in the community newsletter. A teenager, under the influence of marijuana, urinated in the creek. This can get you on the sex offender registry in some states.

CO1:

Anything else?

Donaldson:
Domestics...

C01:
Don't feel bad about that--everyone has a background--
real law enforcement would get those.

Donaldson:
The local police department responded to 911 calls--

C01:
Yea--

Donaldson:
We only appeared as supplemental reporters, or, if we
heard something that necessitated a rapid response.
This would be gun fire or a person pleading for their
life.

C01:
And it didn't pay much less than this?

Donaldson:
Benefits were worse

C01:
Yea, but I could retire there. Did they give you a
deal on a home in the complex if you worked there?
Like a better mortgage rate?

Donaldson:
Maybe--I don't remember if that was an option.

C01:
Do you have a card?

Donaldson:

My card

CO1:

No a card for the place. The gated community. They hired you directly?

Donaldson:

Yes.

CO1

Yea. Do you have a card? I'm done here in seven years, less with a good mortgage option. I could sell and maybe do something nice. 25 versus 30. It's six of one

Donaldson:

I don't have a card.

CO1:

I'm looking in your file

Donaldson:

You know my file even with blemishes doesn't have-

CO1:

And you're out here

Donaldson:

Traumatized children

CO1:

Because you didn't have any kids during your domestic

Donaldson:

...

CO1:

I don't mean to be like that. Just, don't be such a pain in the ass when you go in there. These guys are at a level you've never dealt with. And we need them for this prison thing to work.

Donaldson:

We don't need *him*.

CO1:

Actually we do. We need a "*him*" and it helps that it's someone who'll be here forever.

Donaldson:

So I'm supposed to-

CO1:

Live and let live, they're already in here.

Donaldson:

I could confront him.

CO1:

You want to get a little more for not making the thing public, he might go for it.

Donaldson:

I want to give him less.

CO1:

He won't go for that. And he can make your life hard. It helps to have friends in here

Donaldson:

Fuck him.

CO1:

Don't be stupid.

Donaldson:

I want to do the inspections tonight.

CO1:

Take my advice. Sleeping dogs at this point

Donaldson:

I'll do the inspection of his cell? You think I'm doing it because I want to get some handout?

CO1:

I don't care. That's your thing. Don't bring up what's in his file. Talk around it, and then make an ask.

He'll get it

Donaldson:

That's vile. I want to give him less

CO1:

Don't. I'm trying to lead a horse to water here

Donaldson:

You want me to ask for a handout

CO1:

I think he'd respect you for that

Donaldson:

I'll get his respect another way.

CO1:

Don't.

Donaldson:

So I'll do his inspection tonight.

C01:

Can I talk you down from this? Again, we need them for this to function. They hate the DA and they hate their arresting officers. We're far enough down the line that they give us peace. We should reciprocate. We need them for this to work. Can I talk you down from this?

Donaldson:

I'm doing his inspection tonight.

C01:

Alright. I'm going to look in your file for that neighborhood watch posting. I need a place to relax after this.

Scene 2

(Inside the prison kitchen, three inmates crowd over a bag of macaroons, eating the cookies and talking)

New Cellie:
This is a good job

Inmate 1:
One of the best

New Cellie:
And all these sweets, this is a better get than
outside work in some ways

Inmate 2:
In some ways

Inmate 1:
Gets you all the best free food too

New Cellie:

(Biting into a cookie)

A sweet job

Inmate 1:
Lord be

Inmate 2:
All his housemates are conversationalists like that.
It's part of why he picks them. Hey Jim Carey, say
something else funny

New Cellie:
It's not like that

Inmate 1:
You work here?

New Cellie:
Yea

Inmate 2:
So, he tell you what he did yet?

New Cellie:
Yea, he beat up the friend of some politician-cousin-
it was the politician's cousin. I guess he beat the
shit out of him, probably attempted murder and they
threw the book at him I guess. Judge completely fucked
him it sounds like

Inmate 2:
You sound full of shit

New Cellie:
That's what I know

Inmate 1:
I think that might be all he knows...it's a big secret

Inmate 2:
He's been here too long for attempted murder. With
good time, ten years for an attempted murder? They
move him around, but I think it's more than that

Inmate 1:
Gotta be

New Cellie:
People talk, he's a good guy. Whatever it was, it's in
the past now

Inmate 2:

Maya Angelou, shut up and go sharpen the knives. He
don't know anything more than we do which is probably
how he wants it

Scene 3

(Interior of cell, New and LT talk in anticipation of inspection)

New Cellie:

At least I'm over the bar thing

LT Cellie:

Yes. That's progress, you're taking to it. So, do you go up to the room?

New Cellie:

Haha, no, I don't go to the room, I don't even need to go to the bar

LT Cellie:

Good, why?

New Cellie:

Because her automatic should allow me to rest back home, and hotel security—

LT Cellie:

—exactly. This is progress. I like that you're catching on. Now, let's mix it up? A course in philosophy?

New Cellie:

Huh?

LT Cellie:

Yea, let's do some graduate work

New Cellie:

Why not?

LT Cellie:

We have time to talk philosophy

New Cellie:

You have time to talk philosophy

LT Cellie:

I just might...there's a type of guy would've fought way
harder to go up from the bar right?

New Cellie:

...

LT Cellie:

This isn't a gay guy, well...not a hardcore jail queen
dude. This is a weirdo...voyeur. He'd go up to the room
because he'd *enjoy* seeing her get fucked. I don't see
that in you—that's favorable—it's a positive

New Cellie:

I thought you were meant to do what you love?

LT Cellie:

Bad advice from Dr. Hirsch's table. No, this is
inaccurate. We have to eat as a species—

New Cellie:

Sure—

LT Cellie:

Have you ever farmed?

New Cellie:

City guy for a long time, the southeast was actually
newer to me—

LT Cellie:

They farm in the southeast.

New Cellie:

They farm better in the northeast.

LT Cellie:

Dirt farmers farm anywhere. Yet, good, the philosophy of business, farming, and self improvement. Let's focus on this because people farm to eat. They don't farm because they love it. They farmed because they were hungry. They had to plan for the winter. Farming allows people to live long healthy lives. And, to eat reliably. Farming is a way to improve someone's life, regardless of positive affect

New Cellie:

I wanna improve myself from here

LT Cellie:

Good, that's the essential piece of it-now, this *voyeur* he's doing what he loves, how is he different from a farmer?

New Cellie:

Farmers get free handouts

LT Cellie:

The fuck?

New Cellie:

Government pays them to work, and pays them not to work-

LT Cellie:

-doesn't matter, and off track. They live in nowhere..

New Cellie:

What if they like it? Especially if they like the free handouts and the subsidies? And, some people like

living in the middle of nowhere

LT Cellie:
They wake up early

New Cellie:
Lot of people are early risers, my grandparents—people
get old and wake up early and need things to do,
activities

LT Cellie:
So some of them like every part of it?

New Cellie:
I bet they love it

LT Cellie:
Then “do what you love” is fine. It doesn’t hurt you I
guess—yet, farming is work, there’s risk involved
because some crops don’t harvest. There’s also hard
work involved, a certain routine that you have to emit
to. You might not love every minute of it is the
point....

New Cellie:
Ok, fine, what’s the difference?

LT Cellie:
Between a farmer and a guy who goes up to the room?

New Cellie:
Yes...

LT Cellie:
What’s a farmer do?

New Cellie:
Farms—grows—

LT Cellie:

Stop...he grows. He doesn't find some scrap vegetable at a fruit stand and re pot it. He grows it from a seed, in his soil. This is philosophy, this is where we're in grad school now. So the voyeur he doesn't grow anything, he doesn't contribute to the larger system.. so by analogy, with girls—get them while they're young...

New Cellie:

Like Matt McConahey from *Dazed and Confused* I'll just hang outside of high schools going: "I get older and they stay the same age—"

LT Cellie:

(taking meaningful steps towards harming New and then stopping after the impulse leaves)

Timmons is funny.

New Cellie:

Timmons is funny—

LT Cellie:

Do you want to be funny?

New Cellie:

I thought you said—

LT Cellie:

I did. Forget what I said, do you want to be a funny guy like Timmons and move out of here? You'll wind up CO's when I'm board...other Timmons shit—

New Cellie:

I value this...opportunity

LT Cellie:

They're transferring Timmons in a month and a half.
You're not fucking funny enough to replace Timmons.
This institution needs a squirrely dude can go between
the races...you...for a day or two...don't be funny

New Cellie:

I-

LT Cellie:

You won't

New Cellie:

So you farm them?

LT Cellie:

Goddamn right buddy? The bible allows it. The bible
has-

New Cellie:

You read the-

LT Cellie:

In here-I read the bible. It has all these stories
about kings selling their wives and daughters to get
an edge. Thus, farming, you sell what you grow

New Cellie:

...

(nodding)

*(Donaldson enters cell roughly and importantly for
inspection)*

Donaldson:

Alright, you two, let's chat-

LT Cellie:
Absolutely, we've been talking for a good while now,
join in?

Donaldson:
What about?

New Cellie:
Farming for some reason...farming...

Donaldson:

(Visibly disgusted, to New Cellie)

Yea, your buddy loves talking about farming...it's right
there in his file

LT Cellie:
So, we're not beating around the bush here...

Donaldson:
...

LT Cellie:
...not asking me for anything...

Donaldson:
...

LT Cellie:
Don't want me to sneak you some extra chow from the
kitchens...

Donaldson:
...

LT Cellie:

...don't want extra handouts from my conjugal visitors...

Donaldson:

It's so fucked up that they let you have conjugal visits

LT Cellie:

I know right, kid niece who comes to visit me, she just had a daughter-

Donaldson:

Fucking-

LT Cellie:

-I'mma start calling her and chatting. I'll be like a paternal figure in her life-

Donaldson:

I'll restrict your phone time.

LT Cellie:

...Because you worked here long enough to do that? How would you-

Donaldson:

I read your file-

LT Cellie:

You're a reptile man-

Donaldson:

-I know why you're really here-

LT Cellie:

-I can fuckin see it man...I can see it because I'm highly aware man. I know that when you get real frightened, or, angry, your eyes will change. That's

why you work here man—you wanna feed off our fucking
fear. I'll put a stop to that man—

Donaldson:

(to New Cellie)

You know what he did...you know what he did?

New Cellie:

Beat up a politician's cousin. So he's stuck here—

LT Cellie:

—that's a good man, you fucking snake. I see you
trying to make him angry, and feed off that—I'll make
sure you starve—

Donaldson:

—they'll end you—I'll start with him—

LT Cellie:

—I'll tell you what man, I always wanted a pet lizard.
If I adopt you, then, no one else in here will mind a
reptile feeding off their hate, fear, and anger. Let
me adopt you man? I'll keep you safe and we can have a
good working relationship...

Donaldson:

...

New Cellie:

...this is bat fuck crazy—

LT Cellie:

—that lizard will only fuck the corpse of a bat after
he's chewed off the bones...

Donaldson:
...and you'd fuck an eight year old...

LT Cellie:
...I thought I wasn't gonna sleep tonight...I never sleep
in this place anymore—tonight—I'll be up all night...
Donaldson, why would you say that about me?

Donaldson:
That's what they got you for—

LT Cellie:
—Lie, if you're gonna try and hang me—start with him.
Don't say I fucked an eight year old. Because that
wasn't the specific nature of the allegations. Get it
right.

New Cellie:
I thought it was a bar fight with a politician's
cousin—

LT Cellie:
—he is cute as all hell. But, me and you, lizard.
We're going to change this guy's paradigm right now.

Donaldson:
I'm going to change this whole institution's—

LT Cellie:
—yea you do that. Because you're a reader. I can see
that you read my file. Most of the guys in here aren't
readers. And, they got no use for a lizard's lies.
But, what are you going to tell us all that you've
read?

Donaldson:
I think you know

LT Cellie:

I'm gonna vindicate you right now. I don't feel bad about it. I'd do the exact same thing if they let me out because there's good money in it.

Donaldson:

Parole board will never-

LT Cellie:

-ever speak to me. I'm on an indeterminate sentence. I thought you were a reader. Accordingly, you shoulda read that in my file.

Donaldson:

They give all sex offenders indeterminate sentences. But, you. There's a lot of reasons you won't be in front of the parole board.

LT Cellie:

...tell newbie here what I said during sentencing about the foster kids. Remember I said I was talking about farming with him?

Donaldson:

He said: "Judge, I come from a line of farmers. I was only trying to farm a new kind of crop." Court then made a record about how repulsive he is. I think at that point he knew he was never getting out. And, it's grooming.

LT Cellie:

See that's sick because you just compared those kiddos to horses too. Farming, ranching, and grooming are all equivocal terms. Using the right technical term though, may have made for a better reading record...I'm sorry for that-you just taught me something, lizard

Donaldson:

That's what you're sorry for?

LT Cellie:

Very. I left a technically inaccurate record. Those foster kids, they deserve more satisfaction than that, sir

New Cellie:

The politician had, foster kids?

Donaldson:

There's no politician. And, there was never a bar fight. That's a story he tells to explain his indeterminate sentence. No one here reads or can pull his card all that well. The ones that do don't seem to last very long—

LT Cellie:

—no sir, they don't. But here you are...my cellmate won't allow you to feed off his anger, or his fear. Those reptilian tricks are futile here...but, give it a try

Donaldson:

...I think you know that's an act—

LT Cellie:

—yea but you only think—

Donaldson:

—your cellmate was a foster parent—

LT Cellie:

—I was a samaritan—

Donaldson:

—he took in four children between the ages of six and

ten out on the western slope. They were all home schooled—

LT Cellie:

—that's where I fucked up—

Donaldson:

—during an outing at the local mall, one of the children, a little girl, asked a food court vender for a hot dog. The vender asked the child if she had any money for the food. The child replied that what she had was better than money. The child then began performing sexually suggestive gestures on a drinking straw. The report lists her exact words as: "take care of me with a hot dog and I'll take care of your hot dog. I do it at home all the time."

The vender had a conscience and contacted mall security. Police and EMTs began examining all of the children. All four were hyper sexualized. Their names aren't listed in the file. And it'd be hard to get a good pin on their location now. I hope they're doing well.

LT Cellie:

Hard for you. Interesting choice of words. Did reading that turn you on?

Donaldson:

That's vile—

LT Cellie:

It's not *hard* to see why it might get your engine revved man. I lived with a girl my age. She was in on it too. Sweet thing over at the women's prison out in Pueblo. The way you tell that story I sound like some lone faggot. I don't like that.

(Donaldson punches LT in the chest)

Donaldson:

If you won't feel bad about it—I'll make you feel bad about it. I'm here a long time and that's how it'll be from now on

LT Cellie:

Reptilian scum, have a good night here though. I'm here. I'm not leaving here. I'm not going back to the fucking mall in Junction to eat at that food court again. I'll die in here. And you wanna make it worse for me? Go get a girl, read something to make your life better, watch television, travel—go fuck yourself —whatever you do.

Donaldson:

I thought you'd attack me

LT Cellie:

I don't have a violent offender status. Having that wouldn't serve me. Are you through here?

Donaldson:

For now.

(Exits cell)

LT Cellie:

Well, Professor Donaldson has added to our graduate level coursework. We were discussing farming earlier.

We said that you farm something and then sell it. Professor Donaldson pointed out that the technical term is "grooming." By the time most girls hit 18, their dye is mostly cast. They'll either be a boring productive member of society. Or, the type of girl you're fraudster self will be meeting once you're out

of here. Do you understand?

New Cellie:

...

LT Cellie:

Let's not ruin a good lecture with words or questions at the end. Let's just let the material sink in.

Tonight, I'm gonna be like Ben Franklin flying all my kites. You'll send nothing. Go to sleep. Tomorrow morning in the breakfast line, make sure your stomach is wrapped in newspaper.

Act IV

Scene 1

(Inmates stand in a line for breakfast and mull around the cafeteria. LT is already seated at a table while New Cellie waits in line for food. An inmate attempts to cut New Cellie in line.)

New Cellie:

Hey man, look you just cut me in line—

Cutter:

—Don't be touching on me

New Cellie:

I wanna talk this out. I don't want to make a problem, yet, you've just cut me in line.

Cutter:

What the fuck did you just say to me?

New Cellie:

...

Cutter:

So, you're giving me that look now...

New Cellie:

...I'm not...

Cutter:

Bitch, that look aint shit. I'm gonna fuck you up in front of everyone for doing this. Don't ever look and speak to someone like that again.

(New Cellie is beat very badly. Actor may consider wearing blood packets and exploding them during the beating. The incident is enough to send New Cellie to the infirmary. As Cutter stops, LT Cellie walks up to New Cellie)

LT Cellie:

Oh my god! My housemate! Man, not cool. We need him in the infirmary ASAP. He may need to go to a more comfy place where he can heal up. Man, you just made a good housemate not even pretty no more. Man, I'mma get you for this man. He was just in line for food.

(Audible to only New Cellie and audience)

Now, keep that mouth shut going forward and your life will get better son

Scene 2

(Interior of infirmary. New Cellie lays in bed. Face is still very bruised and one arm is in a sling. Another inmate lays in a bed next to New Cellie. This inmate has no obvious physical injuries.)

Bedmate:
You a CO?

New Cellie:
What?

Bedmate:
In the olden days, they used to call them screws. Corrections officers are COs. A CO got his shit rocked today. Are you a CO too?

New Cellie:
...No...

Bedmate:
...well, that's probably why you didn't get as messed up as the CO. Looks like you're moving too. Did you and your housemate breakup?

New Cellie:
...no...it's not like that...

Bedmate:
...yea man—sure. I guess it never is...anyway, you got beat down the same day as that new CO, Donaldson.

New Cellie:
...I hear he was a reptilian...illuminati who wanted to

feed off of our anger and fear.

Bedmate:
Do you believe that?

New Cellie:
I heard it

Bedmate:
I heard a guy shit himself when he went through
withdrawal in here once.

New Cellie:
And, you believe he shit himself?

Bedmate:
Alright, I like you, you'll be fine. Wanna hear about
Donaldson?

New Cellie:
What happened?

Bedmate:
Know that speed freak Timmons lives with?

New Cellie:
Like Wayne, or Watkins—

Bedmate:
—Walters...

New Cellie:
Yea, Walters. That dude weighs like 90 lbs, soaking
wet. Which is funny because he could break out into a
sweat sitting on an AC. How does Timmons sleep with
that guy in his cell?

Bedmate:

Well, Walters gets his go from somewhere...

New Cellie:

Ok—so, again, how does Timmons sleep in that cell with that guy getting his go in there?

Bedmate:

Smart-ass. That's why he liked you I bet—you're old housemate. Anyway, Timmons works on Walters. Timmons don't ever go up. But, he works on those guys that do.

Walters "guards" Timmons at night. Everyone knows that. Shit, even all the COs know that so they give that cell some space.

They kinda have a routine when they go in that cell. They holler first, and Timmons tells Walters to stand down.

I don't know if Donaldson didn't know about Timmons' dynamic with Walters. I don't know if Donaldson got a bee in his bonnet to—

New Cellie:

Isn't Timmons in solitary?

Bedmate:

YEA! Well, no because the nurses show up to interview him everyday to make sure solitary doesn't aggravate his mental illness. Fucker has more company in there than we do out here...Anyway though, so Walters must've just been alone in there. Anyway, Timmons' and Walters' cell is near the back of the block. So, it's one of the last cells to get checked.

Walters apparently just went fucking crazy last night when Donaldson came in. Everything in the cell was upside-down when the other CO came in. But, Walters

was alone with Donaldson for like, close to an hour.

This place has an overall good reputation. CO's feel kinda relaxed about walking the halls and they don't watch their backs too much. I wonder if that'll change now.

New Cellie:

So, Donaldson just came into Walters' cell last night towards the end of inspections, and-

Bedmate:

Walters beat the fuck out of him. Played with him for a bit after too

New Cellie:

Did he say why? Why didn't Donaldson shoot him?

Bedmate:

Well, I guess Donaldson wasn't super well trained. Probably never had to reach for his gun before, so, he didn't reach for it when it counted. Plus, Walters was high as hell and crazy.

Donaldson may have tried to do a contraband check and Walters just went low and hit him? Everyone knows that Donaldson should've gone in there alone without Timmons or another CO with him.

New Cellie:

What's Walters say about it?

Bedmate:

Walters says he learned that Donaldson was a reptile. He says he beat Donaldson so that no one could feast on his fear. Tweekers are crazy

New Cellie:

How bad did Donaldson get hit?

Bedmate:

Donaldson wishes he only got hit. Guy can't walk or talk anymore. He'll probably just be a self aware vegetable his whole life.

New Cellie:

That's sad...who's our nurse. Is it the red head?

Bedmate:

Bro, Gonzales with the fat ass all day is on duty right now

New Cellie:

I could get behind a booty on duty

Bedmate:

Yea, I see what you did there—you got jokes bro

Act V

Scene 1

(New Cellie sits with Investigator)

Investigator:
Everyone saw him—

New Cellie:
I didn't—

Investigator:
—were you not paying—

New Cellie:
—I didn't see him.

Investigator:
—tell Walters to: “be brave.”

New Cellie:
...

Investigator:
He told Walters to: “be brave.” Walters and Timmons had a dynamic. Your former cellmate, and Timmons were housed together at one point. They developed a different, yet, similar...dynamic.

New Cellie:
Dynamic? Like, the dynamic duo? Like how Batman and Robin fagged out on each other?

Investigator:
I'm not saying—I'm not insinuating—I'm not—

New Cellie:
-you're not a like that? ...

Investigator:
...Sir...

New Cellie:
I said you weren't.

Investigator:
...

New Cellie:
...I didn't fag out with him. We weren't like the
dynamic duo. I mean, like, he mighta had that look for
me-maybe-I don't like to think about it.

Investigator:
So he may have propositioned you?

New Cellie:
...maybe...

Investigator:
...SO...

New Cellie:
...maybe...

Investigator:
...what did you do then?

New Cellie:
Well, he never had drugs.

Investigator:
Yes...well...Walters has said that about Timmons...

New Cellie:
Does Walters even remember—

Investigator:
—Walters, is a special case..

New Cellie:
...Walters may have abused methamphetamines...

Investigator:
...yes...Donaldson can no longer speak...Donaldson—

New Cellie:
—man—

Investigator:
—Donaldson can no longer, operate, in any capacity.
I'm here. I'm here to figure out why. It's self
evident that Walters mutilated Corrections Officer
Donaldson. Yet, I believe, after thorough
investigation, that Walters was under the influence of
so much methamphetamine—

New Cellie:
—he has no memory—

Investigator:
—methamphetamine impairs memory—

New Cellie:
—Mexicans—

Investigator:
—impairs memory—

New Cellie:
—Mexicans man. I'm saying, you're talking to me. Like,

we're sitting here. You're talking to me about this meth shit. I mean, him—my old cellmate, he talked about making prison wine...he said to me once: "man, if you're sad about being in here, take some fruits from the kitchen, we'll put it in garbage bags. It'll puff up into—"

Investigator:

—I'm not here for that. And, you know that—

New Cellie:

—I don't know. Getting a buzz going. For as long as I'm here. It woulda been nice. And, sometimes, I wish I had made that prison wine. Do they call it pruno?

Investigator:

...this is about Donaldson being mutilated. I'm sympathetic that you'd consider consuming that...and, you resisted his advance...

New Cellie:

...he wasn't faggin out...

Investigator:

That's derogatory.

New Cellie:

No.

Investigator:

Yes. It's a slur. I won't repeat it. It's a slur. It's improper. And, I'll not stoop to your vocabulary. However, I'm accepting of all lifestyles. Yet, please. This language. Regardless of his lifestyle choices—

New Cellie:

—he never—

Investigator:
-sir...Timmons...

New Cellie:
...Timmons *for sure* never was like that man—Timmons—

Investigator:
—Timmons, is housed in this facility now. You've been separated from your former cellmate. We've housed you halfway across the state. This is done for your protection and piece of mind.

New Cellie:
Because he don't have ears in facilities all over the state?

Investigator:
You're no longer in his institution anymore. Therefore, you can feel more free to speak here than you would have felt as his cellmate.

New Cellie:
...If you say he don't have ears and eyes in every facility around the state—Timmons is here now, under your protection. What did Timmons say?

Investigator:
Timmons gave your old cellmate up. Timmons said it was a relief to be in a new facility and he explained that your former cellmate had a hold on Walters. Timmons then indicated that your former cellmate's hold on Walters allowed him to signal Walters to attack Donaldson.

New Cellie:
...that sounds crazy. I know you're full of shit. But, even if you weren't full of shit—that just even sounds fucking crazy.

Investigator:

We believe that some inmates call him Ben Franklin because he flies so many "kites" around the cellblock.

New Cellie:

I thought it was just because he always had money for commissary. Franklin's on the \$100 bill. And, you have shit. Timmons didn't say nothing.

Investigator:

That's a double negative. That means that Timmons did say something, so, therefore, you're aware that Timmons—

New Cellie:

Whatever buddy. I told you what I know.

Investigator:

We can shorten your sentence substantially.

New Cellie:

Like let me out tomorrow?

Investigator:

No, it wouldn't happen that quickly. You'd be housed in here. And, you'd have to testify. Therefore, you'd be housed in here as we developed your testimony. Then, we'd do a writ of habeas to send you into the county jail where you'd be housed during his trial.

New Cellie:

So, I'd give testimony against him, to reduce my sentence. But, I'd still be in jail while I developed my testimony. And, he's gonna be in here for life because of that politician's cousin he beat up?

Investigator:

He's going to be in here for life regardless.

New Cellie:

So, trying him for anything is a circle jerk then.

Investigator:

Well--

New Cellie:

--you want to add years onto his sentence. Isn't he just part of the furniture regardless, I know that for sure. I told you everything else I know.

Investigator:

Thinking like that is defeatist. Think about justice for Donaldson's loved ones.

New Cellie:

People loved Donaldson?

Investigator:

Donaldson had a mother and a father.

New Cellie:

So did my old housemate. Now they're both fucked. I know that for sure.

Investigator:

What else do you know?

New Cellie:

Nothing about Walters or anything, but, you seem to be unearthing a lot of new facts all the time. Go talk to Timmons. You got Timmons on this. Why even fuck with me. You don't need me.

Investigator:

...I do.

New Cellie:

You need me. Because you're a Robin looking for a
Batman?

Investigator:

Multiple witnesses.

New Cellie:

Or one.

Investigator:

Believe me, I have Timmons...

New Cellie:

I got no write ups. I got no violations. I do 2/3s of
my time. Eight years down to six. I'm out. I've done
three years. His trial will take three years, you know
that. So, you're offering nothing.

Investigator:

I'm offering justice for Donaldson's family.

New Cellie:

That's so cute. I told you everything I know though.

Scene 2

(Inmates mull around the food line, New Cellie is still nervous as he waits in line for food. Visibly shaken by previous attack, yet, far enough away from previous attack to somewhat hide his anxiety. Timmons cuts the line in front of New Cellie.)

New Cellie:

Timmons, hey, man, I'm trying to eat—

Timmons:

—shit, alright, well, me too. That's why I cut you...now we're cued up together.

New Cellie:

I—

Timmons:

—you wanna say too much now? Make something have to happen?

New Cellie:

...No...

Timmons:

Then, let's parlay and shit. So far, you're keeping yourself together well. I was there the last time someone cut you in line, you got your shit rocked back then bro. You're looking good now

New Cellie:

Haha, fucking investigators

Timmons:

Yea man, I met with that investigator and told him *shit*. He told me you talked. Yet, he probably told you I talked. I'm sure. I got a CO says they're not

grooming you to testify. And, they aint charged my boy yet. Lastly, they're all looking pissy when they talk about drawing up the indictment.

New Cellie:

Man, fuck you, I didn't—

Timmons:

—man I know. You didn't say shit. They lie like dogs. I know you kept quiet. But, I think you did say he was part of the furniture to that investigator...

New Cellie:

...I mean, Timmons—he—Timmons, he's not getting out. That, *politician's cousin*. He did something so high up that the parole board will never even talk to him. Look at that table over there, it's never going to get out and go sit in a fucking Wal-Mart. He's never going to—

Timmons:

—stop. Stop. Furniture's gonna stay in here until it breaks and becomes nothing. He and I won't break. Furniture won't die. He and I—

New Cellie:

—I mean, I don't want—

Timmons:

—be quiet. We're *more* than furniture. But, as far as bullshit you say to some *investigator*. Shit man, you say what you gotta say. That's all good man. I only stab people in county jail. Feel me?

New Cellie:

I'm solid

Timmons:

That'll work. COs have unions and shit. Donaldson was a piece of shit, busy body. But, someone else might read his file. He's going down for Donaldson for the sake of the CO's unions. Plus, it'll be better for his reputation than all this cloak and dagger shit. He'll be too old in 5-7 years for that.

New Cellie:

...

Timmons:

I told the investigator about his kites to Walters. He's a sex offender man, what he did with them kids. But, with what he did to Donaldson—now—he has street cred.

New Cellie:

What about you?

Timmons:

I killed four bikers outside a bar in Arvada. I been here about seven years. They're letting me out in three for testifying about Donaldson. Or, rather, recommending me to the parole board. Then, the parole board will be very impressed with my participation in anti-gang programs over the next three years and they'll recommend my release. I'll be chillin in a Wal-Mart parking lot motherfucker

New Cellie:

Chess master Timmons

Timmons:

One honest thing you ever said, yet, we gotta plan the release of your lying ass too bro

Scene 3

(This scene will be staged one of two ways:

If the production is done in a penitentiary, this scene will be performed as a monologue on an empty stage. The actor portraying New Cellie will wear the same outfit as throughout the show.

The entire scene will be done as a monologue.

If the scene is done outside of a penitentiary, it will take place in a fully set coffee shop. Complete with customers, cash register, barista and everything. New Cellie will be dressed sensible but flashy business casual attire with a new, nice cellphone and work bag.

New Cellie will catch the attention of a female customer at the shop and the two will end the show singing Miss Mary Mac)

New Cellie:

Whey and creatine bro. Thinking some taurine like in Red Bull. Fun fact about Red Bull, it was actually developed from a Thai energy drink called Krating Daeng. All about productivity over there. The Red Bull was a re-flavoring of the Thai energy drink Krating Daeng for the Austrian/European market. Europeans responded more to that licorice flavor, goes well with jaeger.

Anyway so it's a supplement that energizes and helps you build muscle. I'm in about 30K, but, I've already got it stocked at a few gyms and health stores in the area. I'm on track to double my money already. I don't

need you in on this. I want you in on this. Alright.
Call me. I'll come there. Lunch? 2:00. Yea. Let's.
Confirmed bro

Hmmm...Hey there. Hear I just made a sale? Well, you
heard I didn't make the sale, I just got a lunch
invite? That means I need a pretty girl on my arm to
make the sale then. Wanna be on my sales team? We'll
work together. But, we gotta be in synch for this. Our
reflexes have to be matched. Can I test your reflexes?
Easy, did you go to camp when you were a kid?

It's cheesy but I'm serious,

*Miss Mary Mack Mack Mack
All dressed in black, black, black
With silver buttons, buttons, buttons
All down her back, back, back.*

*She asked her mother, mother, mother
For 50 cents, cents, cents
To see the elephants, elephants, elephants
Jump over the fence, fence, fence.*

*They jumped so high, high, high
They reached the sky, sky, sky
And they didn't come back, back, back
'Til the 4th of July, ly, ly!*

*Miss Mary Mack Mack Mack
All dressed in black, black, black
With silver buttons, buttons, buttons
All down her back, back, back.*

*She asked her mother, mother, mother
For 50 cents, cents, cents
To see the elephants, elephants, elephants
Jump over the fence, fence, fence.*

*They jumped so high, high, high
They reached the sky, sky, sky
And they didn't come back, back, back
'Til the 4th of July, ly, ly!*

(Curtain.)